



# Heir followis the teltament and tragedie of

vmquhile King Henrie Stewart of gude memorie

I Henrie Stewart, vmquhile of Scotland King,  
Sumtyme in houe, with reuerence to King:  
with in this Realme in dew obedience,  
Traisting with ane attourne all eirdlie thing  
Quha was the cutte quhair of I did spring,  
In honour to liue be kyndelie allyance:  
Putand in hir sic faith and confidence,  
Ingland I left, seducit be Ignorance,  
Scotland I socht, in houe for to get hir:  
Thilk I may rew, as now is cum the chance,  
And others learne by me experience  
In tyme be war, fra ainis the work miset hir.

Sumtyme sho thocht, I was sa amiabill,  
Sa perfyte, plesand, and sa dilectabill:  
Lancit with luif, sho luid me by all wyche,  
Sum tyme to shaw effectioun sanorabill,  
Gratific me with giftis honorabill,  
Maid me ze know, baith Lord, Dnik, Erle & Byncht:  
Sum tyme in mynde sho praisit me sa bycht,  
Leifand all vther, hir bedfellow bycht  
Chesit me to be, and maid me your King:  
Than was I thocht happy into menis sycht  
And purit anis did pyse thair maker of mycht  
That send thame ane Stewart sa kyndelie to King.

Thus quhen sho had auancit me in estate,  
Dir for to pleis I set my haill consair:  
Quhilk now is cause of my rakles ruyne,  
Dir ~~thocht~~ luife quhilk kindlit ouer hair,  
Cauld hes it cuild, and sylit me with dissait  
Plungeit my corps into this present pyne,  
For onelie zow Lordis causand me to ryme,  
Bot als allace fra my trew God declyne,  
Quhome I imbrastit, for plesoure of hir Mes  
Justlie thairfoir, I haue deseruit this fyne,  
Quha for hir saik denyit the God deuine  
That did me bring fra plesoure to diskres.

Backwart fra God my Spirite fra sho wylit,  
Daylie with darknes my sycht sho onersplit,  
My princelie pretence began to decay,  
Claine houe in hir my rethoun exilit,  
My truchbles tounng my honoure despylit  
My doing in deid sho gart me deny,  
Fra credite I crakit, kyndnes brak ray,  
So man wald trow the worde I did say,  
My leigis me left, persauand hir Tre  
Ingland I left, and help was away  
God maid hir scourge to plaigme me for ay,  
Be war the scourge he cast not in the fyre.

Thus was I than to doloure destinat,  
Miserabill man and Prince infortunat,  
Quhomle in sorow and plungeit in cair:  
Sum tyme in mynde with anger agitat,  
Sum tyme in Spirit panline and fatigat,  
Quand the meine mycht meis hir euer mais,  
Sum tyme with doloure diewin in despair,  
Variand the world, welch and weilfair,  
Deid I desirid hir fallit to de,  
Sum tyme in mynd thinkand the contrare,  
Sum vncouth baigage I purpoisit prepare,  
Bot not sa vncouth as was prepairet for me.

Into the tyme of this my extasse,  
Quhen I was in this fearfull fantasie,  
With ~~kinge~~ fair, and ~~wylde~~ wordis discreit,  
Scho come to me with greit humilitie:  
Lamentand sair my greit calamitie,  
My languishe lyse, and sair for nencit Spirite,

Promiscand with ane faithfull hart contrait,  
In tyme to cum, with reuerence me treit  
To my degre, in honoure, luife and peace,  
Traissand into hir ~~wylde~~ wordis sweet,  
My hairt and lyse into hir handis compleit,  
I put, and past vnto the Sacrifice.

Quhat fall I wypte, how I was troublit thair,  
I wat it wald mak ony haill hairt sair,  
For to renolue my tristfull tragidie,  
How that thay boucheouris blew me in the air,  
And stranglit me, I shame for to declar:  
Nouther to God, nor honoure banand Er,  
I houpit weill to haue na ennymie,  
Into this Realme fra my natinie,  
Thair was na man, quhome to I did offend,  
Dissait far I fand the contrarie,  
Off Tygeris quholpis fosterit in tyrannie,  
Off treuthles troupe hes diewin me to this end.

O faithles flock, denuide of godlynes,  
O Serpentis seid, nurisheit in wickitnes,  
Fosteraris of falsit, huiridome and harlarrie,  
Mantenaris of murther, witchecraft expres,  
Tresoun amang zow dois daylie incres:  
Lawrie is banist, Justice and equitie,  
Quhat fall I wypte of zoure wyle vanitie?  
On falsit is foundit zour haill felicitie,  
Zour Castellis nor towneis, sall not zow defend,  
God hes persauit zour infidelitie,  
And schoyrlie will plaigme zour crewell tyrannie,  
Off zoure schoyt solace sorow salbe the end.

Quhat hairt so hard for perie will not bleid?  
Quhat breist can beir bot man lament my deid?  
Quhat tounng sa thral in silence suir can rest?  
To se ane saule in sorow sowlit but feid,  
Ane saikles Lambe, ane innocent but dield,  
Taine be consent of thame he luiffit best:  
Furth of his bed with doloure to be drest,  
By thrawart malice and murther manifest,  
Jugeit by Law, and hangit syne but dome,  
Sair it was to se zoure Prince with murther prest:  
Sairat I say him in his place possit,  
The deid that did, than Burrio, now Bydegrome.

O wickit ~~man~~ venomous of nature,  
Serpentis of kynde, thocht cumlie seme zour nature  
Unstabill ioy, fall of aduersitie,  
In mynde malicious attourne all creatiure,  
Quhais malice raine, for cuer dois indure:  
Teichit be experience, sa may I testifie,  
Zoure craftie consaitis clisurit with flatterie,  
And mylde meiknes split with subtiltie,  
Ar Medeis helters to byng vs in zour net,  
Bude deidis of auld gois furth of memorie,  
The ruite of euill remaines but remedie,  
By in zoure mynde sum vngance quhill ze get.

For Dawpis deid in ~~mynde~~ sa prentie  
Consauit hairtent, daylie maie augmentit,  
Meik war his wordis, thocht greit was his grenance  
Of at command, to mak hir weill contentit,  
In pouertie and paine my self fra court absentit  
Daine could not pleis hir, nor zit obedience,  
Persaue of ~~the~~ malice and mischance,  
Quhair ~~man~~ anis gertis in hir gouernance,  
Sic split subiectis felcirt in hir snair:  
Wisdomme is exilit, and prudent puruoyance,  
Robilnes and honour, desairit be ignorance,  
And verrew banist, fra thame pas shed of hair.

This sentence trew we may persaue in deid,  
In lindrie authoris quhalphis for to reid,  
In luiffis raige, as forpis dois rebeirs,  
The crewell work of wretched Romanheid,  
We may persaue in Scylla to succid:  
For Quinos luife, hir father gair na grace,  
Deianira hir husband Hercules,  
For Nessus saik, maist crewellie allace  
Brocht to mischeif, for all his bassalage,  
And Clytemnestra for Egistus face,  
Agamemnon the mychtie King of Greice,  
Dir husband flew, so vyle was hir vlsage.

Off Ancus Martius we reid the greit mischance,  
Quha rang in Rome in proude preheminance,  
Slaine be Lucinio at Tanauillis procuise,  
Samson also for manheid and prudence,  
All Israell that had in gouernance:  
Dalila default in vnder couertoure:  
Quhairfoir lat men be war and keip thame suir,  
Fra womenis venome, vnder faithles figure,  
And gif na wyse thair counsall for to keip,  
For as the woirme that workis vnder cuire  
At lenth the tre consumis that is duiere,  
So women men, fra thay in credite creip.

I speik not but pruisie, quhilk I may fairlie rew,  
Quhat lyse did thoill, my deid dois try it trew,  
My fragill fortowne, sa faithles hes bene heir,  
Wald God the day that I thee Scotland knew,  
Atropus the threid had cut, lachesis diew,  
So could not felt the change of fortownes cheir,  
My Kingdome cair, my wealtch was ay in weir,  
My state vnstabill, me diew fra Gods feir,  
My plesoure prikis my paine ay to prouoke,  
My solace sorow sobbing to astoir,  
My ryches, powerrie, power to empire,  
My ~~for~~ ~~now~~ hes now put out the smoke.

Quhat warldlie ioy in earth may lang indure,  
Or quhat estate may heir him self assuire?  
For to conse rue his lyse in sicernes,  
Quha may sustene the perrillous auenture?  
Off fals fortowne inconstant and vnsture:  
Or quhair fall men find steidfast stablures?  
All warldlie blis is mixt with bitternes,  
Springand with ioy, endand with wretchednes,  
As heir my end rebeirist dois record,  
Quhairfoir let Princes pryde thame not expres  
In warldlie welch in pomp nor worthynes,  
Bot stablize thair strench, with David on the Lope.

In earth thairfoir sen nocht is parmanent,  
My soule to God I leif omnipotent,  
My Bab and Childe vnder the counsallis cuire,  
To zow my Lordis of my deid Innocent,  
For to reuenge I leif in Testament,  
My saikles bluid, my murther and iniure,  
Thocht Princes wald be falsit zow alluire,  
Burt not zour honouris, the samin to smuire,  
First luik to God, syne to zour libertie,  
Think weill suppois my death ze wald indure,  
Bif Rubbers King na subiect salbe suire  
Gair nor the sheip in Foris companie.

at J A S.



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